Title: A Beggar's Tale

Author: Talrith

I was not always an old
drunken beggar, you know.
 Not always did I hang
around the banks and
bakeries, groveling for
gold and doing small
chores for bread.

No, not always was I
Talrith the Beggar. Many
years ago, they called me
Talrith the wise.

"Talrith the wise." I can
hear the old voices of
the long-lost past whisper
that name as I beg, my
dirty hands outstretched
to recieve some small
kindness from a virtuous
soul. It pains me.

My village is long gone,
under a score of
ill-placed homes in the
Britannian sprawl. There
I counciled the troubled,
healed the sick, and
worked small wonders of
the arcane to help these
kind people, these farming
and fishing folk.

Now I fish but for food,
selling a few cuts of fish
here and there to get a
few coins. I spend the
money on reagents,
always reagents.

Oh I wish that were
true. More often than
not, it is liquor I trade
for gold. Clear liquor,
black liquor, whatever
corn, potato or wheat
and barley mixture that
the sweet young lass at

the tavern will sell an old
drunkard like me.

"What did this to you,
Talrith?" People ask
from time to time. "You
are not so old as to be
useless. You have some
skill yet as a mage, as a
traveler and a potential
source of wisdom for a
young adventuring party.

Truth be told I will not
take up arms again.
Violence has done this to
me, and I survived it. I
will always remember the
words of a sage, told to
me by a man named
Garrett Granth;
"Do your work, then step
back. It is the only path
to serenity."
I have done my work.
Now I step back.

Talrith the wise.
Talrith the beggar.